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THE QUAKERESS BRIDE.

O! not in the halls of the noble and proud,
Where fashion assembles her glittering crowd,
Where all is in wealth and in splendor array'd,
Were the nuptials performed of the meek Quaker maid.

Nor yet in the temple those rites which she took,
By the altar the mitre crowned bishop and book:
Where oft in her jewels doth stand the fair bride,
To whisper those vows which through life shall abide.

The building was humble, yet sacred to Him
Before whom the pomp of religion is dim;
Whose presence is not to the temple confined,
But dwells with the contrite and lowly of mind.

'Twas there, all unveil'd save by modesty, stood
The Quakeress bride, in her pure satin hood;
Her charms unadorn'd by the garland or gem,
Yet fair as the lily just pluck'd from its stem.

A tear glisten'd bright in her dark shaded eye,
And her bosom had utter'd a tremulous sigh,
As the hand she had pledged was confidingly given,
And the low-murmured accents recorded in heaven.

I've been at the bridal where wealth spreads the board,
Where the sparkling red wine in rich goblets was pour'd;
Where the priest in his surplice the ritual read,
And the solemn response was impressively said.

I've seen the fond sire in his thin locks of gray
Give the pride of his heart to the bridegroom away;
While he brushed the big tear from his deep-furrowed cheek,
And bowed the assent which his lips might not speak.

But in all the array of the costlier scene,
Nought seem'd to my eye so sincere in its mien,
No language so fully the heart to resign,
As the Quakeress' bride's—'Until death I am thine."

TO THE FEVER AND AGUE.

Shall I in rhymes of measured strains,
Sing praises to thy racking pains!
Shall I applaud thy chilling fits,
Thy burning fever—aching pangs?
No! Sooner far would I devote
My praise upon a vile cut-throat,
Or cholera's grip, or tooth-ache's twitching,
Or even the Prairie's dreadful itching;
The rheumatic pain—the joints a tearing,
The consumption pale, the body wearing,
And fever, leprosy, or sin,
Or even filthy home-made gin—
Yes Ague there is *no* disease,
Not even bed-bugs, lice or fleas,
But what I'd have, than one small ache,
Which comes from thy infernal *shake*.

THE COLD STAGE.

Thy *name* e'en now creates a *chill*,
Along my back I feel a thrill;
My gaping—yawning—streatching—swearing,
Shows soon the Ague will be tearing.
Thy icy touch my toes embrace,
The blood and color leave my face,
And hard to credit yet 'tis true,
My finger nails are turning blue.
My back now feels as if 'twas breaking,
While my whole body goes to shaking.
O dear! stir up the fire! but first,
Bring me some water, for I thirst.
Now I crawl up and get much nearer,
Towards the blazing red hot fire,
And yet it seems to give no heat,
To warm my freezing hands and feet.
My teeth now chatter—O my God!
How can I stand this scourging rod!

THE FEVER STAGE.

Belshazzer-like two hours I've shook,
Now see my face! behold and look!
Now red as scarlet, see the blush,
Of *Fever's* hot and burning flush.
My lips are parched—my brow's on fire,
While still the Fever rages higher.
I roll in anguish—call for water,
The Fever goes from hot to hotter.
And as the withering reptile rolls,
While laid upon the burning coals,
So almost with expiring anguish,
I groan and writhe, and almost languish.

THE SWEATING STAGE.

But now the Fever's burning pain,
Has left me cold and weak again.
But am I well?—O see the sweat,
Which makes the bed and me so wet.
That clammy, loathsome stench I smell,
Like vavors rising up from h-ll;
I wipe it from my brow, until,
There comes next day, another *chill*.

THE RAINY EVENING.

A SKETCH BY MRS. C. LEE HENTZ.

A pleasent little group was gathered around uncle Ned's domestic hearth. He sat on one side of the fire-place, opposite aunt Mary, who, with her book in her hand, watched her children seated at her table, some reading, some sewing, all occupied, but one, a child 'of larger growth,' a young lady, who being a guest in the family, was suffered to indulge in the pleasure of idleness without reproof.

'Oh! I *love* a rainy evening,' said little Ann, looking up from her book, and meeting her mother's smiling glance, 'it is so nice to sit by a good fire and hear the rain pattering against the windows. Only I pity the poor people who have no house to cover them, to keep off the rain and the cold,'

'And I love a rainy evening, too,' cried George, a boy of about twelve; 'I can study so much better. My thoughts stay at home, and don't keep ramblig out after the bright moon and stars. My heart feels warmer and I really believe I love everybody beter than I do when the weather is fair.'

Uncle Ned smiled, and gave the boy an approving pat on the shoulder. Every one smiled but the young lady, who with a languid, dirty two north of range No. five east of the third principal meridian, the same being property of which William M. Adams died seized.

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July 28.–6t GEO. H. NORRIS.

'I think it very dull and uninteresting, indeed,' answered she: 'I always feel so stupid, I can hardly keep myself awake. One cannot go abroad, or hope to see company at home; and one gets so tired of seeing the same faces all the time. I cannot imagine what George and Ann see to admire so much in a disagreeable, rainy evening like this.'

'Suppose I tell you a story, to enliven you?' said uncle Ned.

'Oh! yes, father, pleas tell us a story,' exclaimed the children simultaneously.

Little Ann was perched upon his knee as if by magic, and even Elizabeth moved her chair, as if excited to some degree of interest. George still held his book in his hand, but his bright eyes, sparkling with unusual animation, were rivited upon his uncle's face.

'I am going to tell you a story about a *rainy evening*,' said uncle Ned.

'Oh! that will be *so* pretty!' cried Ann clapping her hands; but Elizabeth's countenance fell below zero. It was an ominous annunciation.

'Yes,' continued uncle Ned, a rainy evening. But though clouds darker than those which now mantle the sky were lowering abroad, and the rain fell heavier and faster, the rainbow of my life was drawn most beautifully on those dark clouds, and its fair colors still shine most lovely on the sight. It is no longer however, the bow of promise, but the realization of my fondest dreams.'

George saw his uncle cast an expressive glance towards the handsome matron in the opposite corner, whose color perceptibly heightened, and he could not forbear exclaiming—

'Ah! aunt Mary is blushing. I understand uncle's metaphor. *She* is his rainbow, and he thinks life one long rainy day.'

Not exactly so. I mean your last conclusion. But don't interrupt me, my boy, and you shall hear a lesson, which, young as you are, I trust you will never forget. When I was a young man I was thought quite handsome—'

'Pa is as pretty as he can be now,' interrupted little Ann, passing her hand fondly over his manly cheek. Uncle Ned was not displeased with the compliment, for he pressed her closer to him, while he continued.

'Well, when I was young I was of gay spirits, and a great favorite in society.—The young ladies liked me for a partner in the dance, at the chess board, at the evening walk, and I had reason to think that several of them would have made no objection to take me as a partner for life. Among all my acquaintances, there was no one, whose companionship was so pleasing, as that of a maiden whose name was Mary. Now, there are a great many Marys in the word, so you must not take it for granted I mean your mother, or aunt. At any rate, you must not look so significant, till I have finished my story. Mary was a sweet and lovely girl—with a current of cheerfulness running through her disposition that made music as it flowed. It was an undercurrent, however always gentle, and kept within its legitimate channel; never overflowing into boisterous mirth or unmeaning levity.—She was the only daughter of her mother, *and she a widow*. Mrs. Carlton (such was her mother's name,) was in lowly circumstances, and Mary had none of the appliances of wealth and fashion to decorate her person or gild her home. A very modest competency was all her portion, and she wished for nothing more.—I have seen her in a simple white dress, without a single ornament, unless it was a natural rose, transcend all the gaudy belles, who soaght by the attractions of dress, to win the admiration of the multitude. But, alas for poor human nature! one of these dashing belles so fascinated my attention, that the gentle Mary for a while was forgotten. Theresa Vane was a rare piece of mortal mechanism. Her figure was the perfection of beauty, and she moved as if strung upon wires, so elastic and springing were her gestures. I never saw such lusterous hair—it was perfectly black and shone like burnished steel; and then such ringlets! How they wave, and ripple down the neck! She dressed with the most exquisite taste, delicacy, and neatness, and whatever she wore assumed a peculiar grace and neatness, as if art loved to adorne what nature had made so fair. But, what charmed me most, was the sunshiny smile that was always waiting to light up her countenance. To be sure, she sometimes laughed a little too loud, but then her laugh was so musical, and her teeth so white, it was impossible to believe her guilty of rudeness, or want of grace.—Often, when I saw her in the social circle so brilliant and smiling, the life and charm of every thing around her, I thought how happy the constant companionship of such a being would make me—what brightness she would impart to the fireside of home —what light, what joy, to the darkest scenes of existence!'

'Oh! uncle,' interupted George, laughing; 'if I were aunt Mary, I would not let you praise any other lady so warmly. You are so taken up with her beauty, you have forgotten all about the rainy evening.'

Aunt Mary smiled, but it is more than probable that George really touched one of the hidden springs of her woman's heart, for she looked down and said nothing.

'Don't be impatient,' said uncle Ned, 'and you shall not be cheated out of your story. I began for Elizabeth's sake, rather than yours, and I see she is wide awake. She thinks, by this time, I was more than half in love with Theresa Vane, and she thinks more than half right. There had been a great many parties of pleasure, riding parties, sailing parties, and talking parties; and summer slipped by, and almost unconciously. At length the autumnal equinox approached and gathering clouds, north-eastern gales, and drizzling rains succeeded to the soft breezes, mellow skies, and glowing sunsets, peculiar to that beautiful season. For two or three days, I was confined within doors by the continuous rains, and I am sorry to confess it, but the blue devils actually got complete possession of me—one strided upon my nose, another danced upon my head, one pinched my ear, and another turned summersets on my chin. You laugh, little Nanny; but they are terrible creatures, these blue gentlemen and I could not endure them any longer. So the third rainy evening I put on my over coat, buttoned it up to the chin, and taking my umbrella in my hand, set out in the direction of Mrs. Vane's. 'Here,' thought I as my fingers pressed the latch, 'I shall find the moonlight smile that will illumine the darkness of my night—the dull vapors will disperse before her radiant glance, and this interminable equinoctial storm be transformed into a mere venal shower melting away in sunbeams in her presence.' My gentle knock not being apparently heard, I stepped into the ante-room sat down my umbrella, took off my drenched over-coat, arranged my hair in the most graceful manner, and, claiming a privilege to which perhaps I had no legitimate right, opened the door of the family sitting room, and found myself in the presence of the beautiful Theresa—'

Here uncle Ned made a provoking pause.

'Pray go on!'

'How was she dressed?'

'And was she glad to see you?' assailed him on every side.

'How was she dressed?' repeated he. 'I am not well skilled in the technicalities of a ladies wardrobe, but I can give you the general impression of her personal appearance. In the first place, there was a jumping up and an off-hand sliding step towards an opposite door, as I entered;—but a disobliging chair was in the way, and I was making my lowest bow, before she found an opportunity of disappearing. Confused and mortified, she scarcely returned my salutation, while Mrs. Vane offered me a chair, and expressed, in somewhat dubious terms, their gratification at such an unexpected pleasure. I have no doubt Theresa wished me at the bottom of the frozen ocean, if I might judge by the freezing glances she shot at me through her long lashes. She sat uneasily in her chair, trying to conceal her slip-shod shoes, and furtively arranging her dress about the shoulders and waist. It was a most rebellious subject, for the body and skirt were at open warfare, refusing to have any communication with each other. Where was the graceful shape I had so much admired? In vain I sought its exquisite outlines in the folds of that loose, slovenly robe. Where were those glistening ringlets, and burnished locks, that had so lately rivalled the tresses of Medusa? Her hair was put up in tangled bunches behind her ears, and tucked up behind in a kind of Gordian knot, which would have required the sword of an Alexander to untie. Her frock was a soiled and dingy silk, with trimmigs of shallow blonde, and a faded fancy handkerchief was thrown over one shoulder.

You have caught me completely *en dishabille*,' said she recovering partially from her embarrassment; 'but the evening was so rainy, and no one but mother and myself, I never dreamed of such an exhibition of gallantry as this.'

She could not disguise her vexation with all her efforts to conceal it, and Mrs. Vane evidently shared her daughter's chagrin. I was wicked enough to enjoy their confusion, and never appeared more at my ease, or played the agreeable with more signal success. I was disenchanted at once and my mind revelled in its recovered freedom. My goddess had fallen from the pedestal on which my imagination had enthroned her, despoiled of the beatiful drapery which had imparted to her such ideal loveliness. I knew that I was a favorite in the family, for I was wealthy and independent, and, perhaps, of all Theresa's admirers, what the world would call the best match. I maliciously asked her to play on the piano, but she made a thousand excuses, studiously keeping back the true reason, her disordered attire. I asked her to play a game of chess, but she had a headache; she was too stupid; she never could do any thing on a *rainy evening*.'

'At length I took my leave, inwardly blessing the moving spirit which led me abroad that night, that at the spell which had so long enthralled my senses was broken. Theresa called up one of her lambent smiles as I bade adieu.

'Never call again on a rainy evening,' she sportively said, 'I am always so recheedly dull. I believe I was born to live among the sunbeam, the moonlight and the stars. Clouds will never do for me.'

'Amen!' I silently responded, as I made good my retreat.

'The rain continued unabated, but my social feelings were very far from being damped. I had the curiosity to make another experiment. The night was not far advanced, and as I returned from Mrs. Vane's fashionable mansion, I saw a modest light glimmering in the distance, and hailed it as a shipwrecked mariner hails the star that guides him homeward.—Though young I knew there were many rainy days in life, and thought a companion who was born for sun-beams alone would not aid to dissipate their gloom.—I had, moreover, some suspicion that the daughter who thought it a sufficient excuse for personal neglect, that there was no one present but her *mother*, would as a wife be equally regardless of a *husband's* presence.

'While I pursued these reflections, my feet involuntarily drew nearer the light which had been the loadstone of my opening manhood. I had continued to meet Mary in the gay circles we frequented, but had lately become almost a stranger to her home. 'Shall I be a welcome guest? Shall I find her *en dishabille*, and discover that feminine beauty and grace are incompatible with rainy evenings?' I heard a sweet voice reading aloud as the door opened, and knew it was the voice which was once music to my ears. Mary arose on my entrance, laying her book quietly on the table, and greeting me with a modest grace and self-possession peculiar to himself. She looked surprised, a little embarrassed, but very far from being displeased. She made no allusion to my estrangement, expressed no astonishment at my untimely visit, nor once hinted, that, being alone with her mother and not anticipating visiters, she thought it unnecessary to wear the habiliments of a *lady*. Never in my life had I seen her look so lovely. Her dress was perfectly plain, but every fold was arranged by the hand of the graces. Her dark brown hair, which had a natural wave in it, now uncurled by the dampness was put back in smooth ringlets from her brow, revealing a face which did not consider its beauty wasted because a mother's eye alone rested on its bloom. A beautiful cluster of autumnal roses, placed in a glass vase on the table perfumed the apartment, and a bright blaze on the hearth diffused a spirit of cheerfulness around, while it relieved the atmosphere of its excessive moisture. Mrs. Carlton was an invalid, and suffered also from an inflamation of the eyes. Mary had been reading aloud to her from her favotite book. What do you think it was? It was a very old fashioned one, indeed—no other than the bible. And Mary was not ashamed to have such a fashionable young gentleman as I then was see what her occupation had been. What a contrast to the scene I had just quitted! How I loathed myself for the infatuation which led me to prefer the artificial graces of a belle to this pure child of nature. I drew my chair to the table, and entreated that they would not look upon me as a stranger, but as a friend anxious to be restored to the forfeited privileges of an old acquaintance. I was understood in a moment, and without a single reproach, was admitted again to confidence and familiarity. The hours I had wasted with Theresa seemed a kind of mesmeric slumber, a blank in my existence, or, at least a feverish dream.

'What do you think of a rainy evening, Mary?' asked I before I left her.

'I love it of all things,' replied she with animation; 'there is something so homedrawing, so heart-knitting, in its influence. The dependencies which bind us to the world seem withdrawn; and, retiring within ourselves, we learn more of the deep mysteries of our own being.'

'Mary's soul beamed from her eye as it turned, with a transient obliquity towards heaven. She paused as if fearful of unsealing the fountains of her heart. I said that Mrs. Carlton was an invalid, and consequently retired early to her chamber; but I lingered till a late hour, nor did I go till I had made a full confession of my folly, repentance, and awakened love, and, as Mary did not shut the door in my face, you may imagine she was not sorely displeased.'

'Ah! I know who Mary was. I knew all the time,' exclained George, looking archly at aunt Mary. A bright tear, which at that moment fell into her lap, showed, that though a silent, she was no uninterested auditor.

'You have'nt done, father?' said little Ann, in a disappointed tone; 'I thought you were going to tell a story. You have been talking about yourself all the time.'

'I have been somewhat of an egotist, to be sure my little girl, but I wanted to show my dear young friend here how much might depend on a rainy evening. Life is not made all of sunshine. The happiest and most prosperous must have their seasons of gloom and darkness, and woe be to those from whose souls no rays of brightness emanate to gild those darkened hours. I bless the God of the rain as well as the sunshine. I can read His mercy and His love as well in the tempest, whose wings obscure the visible glories of His creation, as in the splendor of the rising sun, or the soft dews that descend after his setting radiance. I said a rainbow was drawn on the clouds that lowered on that eventful day, and that it still continued to shine with undiminished beauty. Women, my children, were sent, by God, to the rainbow of man's darker destiny. From the glowing red, emblematic of love which warms and gladdens his existence, to the violet, melting into the blue of heaven, symbolical of the faith which links him to a purer world, her blending virtues, mingling with each other in beautiful harmony, are a token of Gods mercy here, and an earnest of future blessing in those regions where no *rainy evenings* ever come to obscure the brightness of eternal day.'

The Mackerel Fishery.

The last number of the North American Review contains an excellent article on the subject of the fisheries of New England, from which we extract the following interesting description of the mackerel fishery:

"The mackerel is one of the most beautiful fish that the sea affords. Its habits are continually changing, and, with them, the modes of catching it. Fifty years after the settlement of Plymouth, the practice prevailed of taking it by seines in moonlight; and seines are still used to great advantage and extent in some parts of Nova Scotia. The fishermen of New England, at the present time, use the hook principally, though there are indications that some other means must be resorted to, or the business be abandoned.—When first seen upon the coast in the spring, the fish is thin, and voyages in quest of it hardly pay their expenses, even when full fares are obtained. The course of our fishermen in pursuit of the mackerel, is commonly as follows: They seek for, and generally find it, in the vicinity of the capes of the Delaware, about the month of May; and, following it north and east, as the season advances, they "make fares" in the Bay of Chaleur in September, and sometimes in the latter bay and gulf of St. Lawrence in the month of October. More frequently, however, they are following it on its return west and south, before the equinoctial gale. They seldom pursue it further in autumn than the capes of Massachusetts, or the shoals of Nantucket. At times, great quantities are taken all along the coast in small boats; and landsmen, women, and children leave their accustomed employments, and, by the use of pans, baskets, trays, pitchforks, and the like show how true it is, "that necessity is the mother of invention."

The master of the mackerel vessel, after reaching some well known resort of the fish, furls all his sails except the mainsails, brings his vessel's bow to the wind, ranges his screw at proper intervals along one of her sides, and without a mackerel in sight, attempts to raise a *school* or *shoal*, by throwing over bait. If he succeeds to his wishes, a scene ensues which can hardly be described, but which it were worth a trip to the fishing ground to witness. We have heard more than one fisherman say, that he had caught sixty mackerel in a minute; and when he was told, that, at that rate, he had taken thirty-six hundred in an hour, and that, with another person as expert, he would catch a whole fare in a single day he would reject the figures, as proving nothing beyond a wish to undervalue his skill. Certain it is, that some active young men will haul in and jerk off a fish, and throw out the line for another, with a single motion; and repeat the act, in so rapid succession, that their arms seem continually on the swing. To be *high-time* is an object of earnest desire among the ambitious; and the muscular ease, the precision and adroitness of movement, which such men exhibit in the strife are admirable. While the *school* remains along side, and will take the hook, the excitement of the men, and the rushing noise of the fish in their beautiful and manifold evolutions in the water, arrest the attention of the most careless observer. Oftentimes the fishing ceases in a moment, as if put an end to by magic; the fish, according to the fisherman's ronceit, panic stricken by the havoc among them, suddenly disappear from sight.

Eight, ten, and even twelve thousand have been caught, and must now be "dressed down." This process covers the persons of the crew, the deck, the tubs, and everything near, with blood and garbage, and, as it is often performed in darkness and weariness, and under the reaction of overtasked nerves, and the gentleman or amateur fisher, who hitherto has seen and participated in nothing but keen sport become disgusted. They ought to remember, that in the recreations of manhood, as those of youth, the toil of hauling the hand-sled up hill is, generally, in proportion to the steepness and slipperiness which give the pleasurable velocity down.

The approach of night, or the disappearance of the maskerel closing all labor with the hook and the line, the fish, as they are dressed, are thrown into casks of water, to rid them of blood. The deck is then cleared and washed; the mainsail is hauled down, and the foresail is hoisted in its stead; a lantern is placed in the rigging; a watch is set to salt the fish and keep a lookout for the night; and the master and the remainder of the crew, at a late hour, seek repose. The earliest gleams of light find the anxious master awake, hurrying forward preparations for the morning's meal, and making other arrangements for a renewal of the previous day's work. But the means which were so successful then, fail now, and perhaps for days to come; for the capricious creatures will not take the hook nor can all the art of the most sagacious and experienced induce them to bite. Repeating however, the operations which we have described, from time to time, and until a load has been obtained, or until the master becomes discouraged or his provisions are consumed, the vessel returns to port, and hauls in at the inspector's wharf, where the fish, many or few, are landed, sorted into three qualities, weighed, repacked, re-salted, and re-pickled. In two or three days, she is refitted and on her way to the fishing ground. Meanwhile, the owner, and all others who inquire, "what luck," learn from some wise "old salt," (and there is always a Sir Oracle) how much knowledge the mackerel have acquired since the previous season. Having been thus employed until the cold weather approaches, or the fish leave the coast, the smaller vessels haul up, and their skippers pass the winter in cracking nuts, relating stories, and accounting for bad voyages, or boasting of good ones; while the larger vessels go south, and engage in freighting.

The bait which we have said, is thrown overboard to attract the fish to the surface, is usually conposed of small mackerel, or salted herrings cut in small pieces. As economy and success alike require a careful use of it, the master seldom allows other hands than his own to dispose of it. It was formerelly the duty of the man who kept the watch on deck, in the night to cut the bait on a block. But the *bait-mill* has taken the place of this noisy and tedious process. Nothing certainly, in the time of any fisherman now living, has occasioned so much joy as its introduction. This labor-saving sleep promoting machine, as constructed at first, was extreemly simple. It was a box, which was made on end, and a crank projecting through the side, while internally it had a wooden roller armed with small knives, in rows, so arranged, that when the roller was turned, the fish to be ground or cut up should undergo the operation by coming between these rows of, knives and others which were arranged along a board that sloaped towards the bottom.

As already remarked, the mackerel fishery is as old as any other, and was commenced in Massachusetts. This state not only took the lead, but retains it. The business has been extensive and successful; at the present it is diminishing."

As the sun in all his splendor was peeping over the eastern hill, a newly married man exclaimed—"The glory of the world is rising." His wife, who happened to be getting up, taking the compliment to herself, simpered out—"what would you say, my dear, if I had my silk gown on?"